

## SUFFRAGE MESSAGE IN SULZER'S HANDS

Presented to Governor-Elect in  
Two Minutes After the Two  
Week's "Hike" in Mud.

### THEN THE ARMY DISBANDS

General and Private, Young and  
Old, Democrat and Republi-  
can, All Delighted with  
New Executive.

(From a staff correspondent of The Tribune.) Albany, Dec. 31.—Well, it's all over. That sacred suffrage message is safely and in "Governor" Sulzer's hand, and "General" Jones retires from public life with Governor Dix. "Our general" attended the inaugural ball to-night as plain Miss Jones, and "General" Ida Craft became Miss Jones's chaperon.

The great event for which the suffrage pilgrims tramped for two weeks over muddy roads, in the teeth of December winds, took just about two minutes in the actual happening, but it was worth it, the suffragists jubilantly insisted.

It was precisely 3 o'clock when the automobile which has stuck to the pilgrims since they left New York performed its last service for the "cause" and deposited the seven suffrage sisters at the Executive Mansion. "General" Jones dispatched "Aid" Gladys Coursen to ring the front doorbell.

Mr. Sulzer appeared at once, with E. J. Schermerhorn, his military aid, who, by the way, is a cousin of Miss Rosalie Gardner Jones. Cousin Schermerhorn presented to the Governor-elect to Miss Jones and "General" Jones presented to her to Mr. Sulzer. All this was on the front steps.

### Presents the Message.

"Mr. Sulzer," said "General" Jones, "in behalf of the suffragists of New York I beg your indulgence for two minutes while I present this message to show our appreciation of your attitude toward our cause. We wish you a happy New Year and a very successful administration."

The Governor-elect smiled and said: "I am very happy to greet the suffrage pilgrims. All my life, I have believed in the right of women to exercise the franchise with men. In the future, as in the past, I will do what I can to advance the political rights of women. I have already incorporated in my message advice to the legislators to keep the suffrage amendment bill."

"General" Jones then handed to the Governor-elect the sacred message, all pointed out on parchment, with a border of tiny forget-me-nots. It had been framed, too, and all fixed up with a wire ready to be hung over the fireplace, so that the Governor could always see and forget not.

### Sacred Message Revealed.

The words which have been kept secret so long are these:

The suffrage hosts of the Empire State and greetings and renewed congratulations to Governor William L. Sulzer, and express the earnest hope that his administration may be distinguished by the steady passage of the Woman Suffrage amendment.

This was signed by the co-operative committee—Harriet May Mills, Nora Blatch de Forest, Katherine Elly Tiffany, Mary Garrett Hay, Helen Mansfield and James Lees Laidlaw.

"My name?" repeated General Jones. "Why, of course not. I was only the messenger boy."

On the back of the frame was written this story for the benefit of future sight-seers and historians:

Votes for Women Pilgrims carried this message from New York to Albany on foot. Having left on Monday, December 16, in order to greet their Governor-elect upon his arrival at the capital.

Mr. Sulzer got more than the petition, though. He got the vote of the solid suffrage army. General and private, young and old, Democrat or Republican, they "fell for" him. That was not because he was handsome, they explained, but because he was well, nice. This is the way one young private described her emotions.

"Oh, it was wonderful. He's the homeliest man I ever saw. Just like Abraham Lincoln. I know. His face and hair and eyes are all one color, and his hair stands up straight all over his head, but he's just splendid!"

"General" Jones' hands three times apiece all around, looking us straight in the eye. We felt he was sincere, not playing to the grandstands, as so many politicians do. He said he hoped we'd get the vote in 1916. We'd give him ours then, too.

At the presentation ceremony Mrs. Jones was married by one trite. When General Jones handed the Governor-elect his New Year's present he looked it over very carefully, very solemnly.

### One Little Error.

After a silence, in which every pilgrim heart almost forgot to thump, the Governor-elect looked up and said:

"Well, this is all right, but—"

Every suffragette collapsed. What did that "but" mean?

"But," smiled Mr. Sulzer, "You've got a name wrong. It's not William L. I have no middle name—just plain 'BILL'."

The suffragettes recovered their "nerve" about two hours afterward.

"Well, I don't care," said the "general." "I know he has a middle name. He's just trying to get rid of it now. He likes to be plain 'BILL' Sulzer. You know the story of how he asked to have his tombstone engraved, 'Here lies "BILL" Sulzer. Will do, "BILL".' So let the middle name rest. We suffragettes are willing to say no. Well done, "BILL!"

General Jones's first act after leaving the Governor-elect was to hike to a department store and buy mailine for Miss Jones to wear in her hair at the ball. The second was to send a night letter to her father, who, it seems, is not expecting the glad tidings. His last words to her before she started were:

"Now, you needn't think the Governor will see you when you're there. Just because he waved his hand to you once when you were having a fool suffrage meeting at a railroad station is no sign that he'll have anything to do with you when he is Governor."

"He did, though, didn't he?" laughed the suffrage child of the anti-suffrage family. "Ha, ha! I must hurry and tell father."

Miss Ida T. Craft, the "generals" chaperon and right-hand "man," was just as delighted with the interview.

"Our bill is sure to pass this session," she said. "Then it has to rest a year, like a new Senate comes into power. It takes the second time, it is sure to go before the people in 1915, and if it goes before the people it is sure to pass. I've heard we keep on working as hard as we have begun. Besides, by 1915 we'll have at least eighteen states for suffrage, and it would be disgraceful for New York to

## MAKING SUFFRAGISTS TURN TO 'MILITANTS'

Police and Magistrates Warned That Acts of  
Injustice to Women Will Increase  
Sympathy for Their Cause.

By Ida Husted Harper.

A whole volume of meaning was condensed in a sentence addressed to one of the suffragists hailed into the police court at 8 o'clock in the morning last Monday for having put placards in a Fifth avenue shop window announcing a ball to be given for the "cause" and containing suffrage sentiments.

"A thing like this," she said, "makes me feel like a raving, tearing militant." They were charged with obstructing traffic, because a little handful of people gathered on the broad sidewalk, were kept waiting nearly two hours for the magistrate to make his appearance, given a good scolding and told that if they displayed their placards again they would be arrested for disorderly conduct. Of course, they intend—and properly—to exhibit their cards in a window, as scheduled, next Thursday, and, thanks to the action of police and magistrate, the sidewalk probably will be obstructed. The women call attention to the fact that all over town demonstrations of various kinds are being made in show windows, attracting far larger crowds than they do, and they refer particularly to the masses of men and boys who gather to read the baseball bulletins.

The point is just this, that one of the strongest reasons why the suffragists of the United States have not adopted the so-called militant tactics is because the men have not driven them to it. It is true that legislatures have refused year after year to submit their question to the voters, and that when this has been done unfair methods have been employed against them and they have been counted out, as in Michigan, but these actions have not been of a character that could be punished by attacks on individuals or on property. Public sentiment here does not tolerate such acts of violence and brutality even on the part of men, as are condoned in Great Britain, and there is no such general mistreatment of women by men or by the laws, the courts and the press. In every way there is infinitely more sympathy here between the women in the suffrage movement and the men in general. It will be a great pity if police or magistrates destroy this kindly feeling by acts of injustice, and should this be attempted the newspapers, to which the suffragists are already so deeply indebted, should demand fair play for women.

The Suffrage Crusade.

The pilgrimage to Albany, if it accomplished nothing else, should have convinced the doubters that women have enough physical strength to cast a ballot. Finishing their march of 120 miles two days ahead of time, in perfect physical condition, after stopping on the way for balls, banquets and suffrage meetings, all gay, happy and ready to go right on with the speech making, is a record which the majority of men would find it difficult to surpass.

But this is the least of it. From New York to Albany is a trail of suffrage propaganda which never will be obliterated. When women, from factory girls to the owners of the finest estates on the Hudson, fall in line and march together for miles in a common cause—is that not the strongest possible illustration of the absolute democracy of the suffrage movement? What other thing could its promoters do that would impel all the large papers of New York to detail the cleverest members of their staffs to furnish

come tagging in any nearer the end of the list.

"General" Jones' Last Order.

The "generals" last order before disbanding their army was in the form of an invitation to an alumni reunion at the suffrage hall in New York on January 11, then.

"Attention!" she cried. "Order arms! Happy New Year! Goodbye all!"

"Little Doc" Dock took the first train to New York, with "Private" Katherine Stiles, "Aid" Gladys Coursen, "Aid" Sibyl Wilbur, "General" Ida Craft and "War Correspondent" Jessie Hardy Stubbs remained in town with "Miss" Jones to attend the inaugural ball and, incidentally, indulge in a little genteel conversation with the new Assemblymen.

\$18,000 FROM MRS. SCHIFF

Completes \$210,000 for Young Women's Hebrew Association.

There was great rejoicing last night at the home of the Young Women's Hebrew Association, No. 157 Lexington avenue, when it became known that Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff had presented the society with \$18,000, just the sum necessary to complete their building fund. Last spring "A friend," who was later revealed as Jacob H. Schiff, promised \$40,000 to the building fund, provided \$210,000 be raised before January 1, 1913.

The association's campaign to raise the money was cut short almost at the start by the Titanic disaster. It was renewed with energy in the fall, when, in a whirlwind campaign lasting only a few days, \$50,000 was subscribed. There have been more than 2,100 subscribers to the fund, it was announced yesterday by Mrs. A. M. Cohen, chairman of the building committee.

The president of the Young Women's Hebrew Association is Mrs. Israel Underberg. Mrs. Felix M. Warburg is treasurer and among the directors are Mrs. J. R. Magnes, Mrs. Arthur Lehman, Mrs. F. R. Hays, Mrs. Charles H. Terzola, Mrs. M. S. Shrier and Mrs. Alfred Guggenheim.

The site of the building has already been purchased in 110th street, between Fifth and Lenox avenues, facing Central Park. The plans for the building have not yet been drawn, but it has been decided that it is to be eight stories high and to include sleeping accommodations for at least a hundred and fifty girls.

"Our present headquarters can accommodate only eighteen girls," said Mrs. Israel last night, "and we have so felt the need for room to house more. A pleasant, inexpensive home for the Jewish wage earning women who are alone in the city is an imperative need that the new building will help to fill."

"There will be a gymnasium, swimming pool and rooms for dancing. We hope to have some of the new social dances there."

The board, including room and meals, will be from \$3 to \$6 a week, and this does not mean that the girls will be required to do any share of the housework. It was said last night at the association's present headquarters.

Besides furnishing living and play rooms for the girls, the new building will house all the offices and special classes, which are but inadequately provided for in the present building.

columns of dispatches daily? But to realize fully the advertising value of this crusade one should go to the National Suffrage Press Bureau and see the pages of pictures and reports and the commendatory editorials in newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

It is said that to bring out the strength of a picture a touch of black is necessary, and this seems to have been supplied by Bishop Doane, of the Albany Episcopal diocese.

"I have no faith in the cause of the suffragists," he said. . . . "Those who made this pilgrimage are a band of silly, excited, exaggerated women. . . . This demonstration will not help their cause."

There is no doubt that the wish was father to the thought. Among us to-day are many religious as well as political reactionaries, and both are equally opposed to the enfranchisement of women, but the movement for this is sweeping on and leaving them far in the rear.

Doane thought he had stopped it nearly twenty years ago, when, in 1894, he gathered a handful of his wealthy parishioners in Albany and organized the first anti-suffrage society in New York and the second in the United States. But that society is still a handful, and the movement for the suffrage has covered the country. Since the Albany society was organized seven states have given the ballot to women; yet Bishop Doane still talks of "exaggerated women" and declares he has no faith in their cause.

Meanwhile this week in one of the oldest Episcopal churches in New York an address was given in favor of woman suffrage, preceded by the strong endorsement of the rector. A few weeks ago the bishop of the largest diocese in Pennsylvania addressed the National Woman Suffrage Convention in the Metropolitan Opera House, of Philadelphia. Bishops in many parts of the country are taking their stand in favor, and for years the eloquent words of Phillips Brooks have been a part of standard suffrage literature.

Cupid and Suffrage.

One man, at least, was not badly frightened at the idea of "exaggerated women," as he has asked one of the "hikers" to be his, or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say "to let him be hers." Men seem, nowadays, rather to like the idea of suffragettes for wives, although this may be because if they want one thoroughly up to date they have to take a suffragist. These brides in one year went out of the national suffrage headquarters in Fifth avenue.

Those most advanced in thought, however, could scarcely, a few years ago, have foreseen such a personal sketch of a bride as was made of the distinguished Miss Ingersoll, who was married this week. After the usual description of her beautiful gown and veil, it concluded by speaking of her "valuable services to the cause of woman suffrage and her excellent work for her political party during the last campaign, when she served on a county committee and acted as watcher at the polls on Election Day."

This is but one phase of the wonderful development in the political status of women which has taken place within the past twelve months, and no workers for the welfare of the race can greet the New Year with more courage and hopefulness than those engaged in the great movement to secure votes for women.

SUFFRAGE IN AT DEATH

Appeals for Votes Ring Out as  
New Year Is Born.

Old 1912 alighted on the topmost point of the Metropolitan Tower, to take a last look at little old New York before winging his way into the forgotten past. Up from the streets far below him floated the joyous sound of horns and bells. "Well, well!" he mused. "It's a trifle unmelodious, but I'm glad that the people can be gay and thoughtless for one night in the year. I've been rather overdone with seriousness. What with the high cost of living, and the vice problem, and police graft, and woman suffrage, poor 1912 hasn't had very much fun. I'm glad I don't have to depart with the sound of any of those things in my ears—what? What's that?"

Far, far below, on a street corner, suddenly he perceived a woman standing on a soapbox surrounded by a crowd. In her hand she bore a yellow banner with "Votes for Women" on it, and her voice was raised in earnest exhortation. "Referendum! vote for 'President in 1916'!"

Casting his eyes further to the north and the south and the east and the west he beheld other groups of similar appearance. He started to count them. He got up to sixty-three and stopped with a sigh. "One for each Assembly district and a few over," he remarked. Just then young 1913 in a blaze of light approached him.

"Little 1913," he said, "for the love of Mike have your Legislature pass their bill. They deserve it!"

Yes, the Woman Suffrage Association was on its job as the old year went out. As Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, its chairman for the Borough of Manhattan, said, they have the greatest faith and trust in the legislators, and, of course, the bill, cradle party is pledged to pass the bill, but still they don't intend to relax their watchfulness. They watched last night by having a meeting at the home of each Assemblyman in greater New York. At each assemblyman in resolution was passed reminding the legislator of his duty, and said the resolution was carried by a deputation to the legislator's abode. If, as in most cases, the house was dark and its owner on the way to Albany, the resolution was mailed after him.

Miss L. D. Dock, the suffrage hiker, presided at the meeting in the 2d Assembly District, having hurried back from Albany for that purpose. Miss Leonora O'Reilly was the speaker here. The meeting was near the home of Alfred E. Smith, Assemblyman for that district, who may, it was said, be Speaker of the House.

Mrs. Smith's house was closed and dark. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt spoke at Manhattan avenue and 16th street. Other hatters were Miss Albert Hill, Mrs. Beatrice Forbes, Robertson Hall and Dr. Norman Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's Church.

TO COLOR HER REDUCING

Suffrage Cheaper Living Store  
Gets Appeal from Black Belt.

OH, FOR WATERMELONS!

Sweet Potatoes, However,  
There Will Be in Mrs. Flower-  
ton's Cullud Branch.

Mrs. Maude Flower-ton, who is selling suffrage butter and eggs and cheese and fruit at bargain counter prices in the frame building at No. 227 West 83d street, has determined to put a little color into her lower-the-cost-of-living campaign.

Accordingly, she will open a market on Saturday morning at No. 57 West 130th street, right in the heart of a thickly populated negro district.

The negroes themselves asked for it. They sent a call for help to the women of the Interboro Suffrage Club, which is getting busy on the market proposition, and which, together with Dr. Madison C. Peters, is backing the one at No. 227 West 83d street. The call stated that the inhabitants around West 130th street weren't getting anything at all to eat, and were paying all they could earn, and more, too, for it. If the lower-the-cost-of-living reform wasn't all for the white folks, wouldn't the suffrage ladies and Dr. Peters come and start a store, for them?

The suffrage ladies and Dr. Peters suitably would, and Mrs. Flower-ton says she is so sorry watermelons aren't in season, for she would like the negro market to start off with red velvet. She was trying to find out yesterday if "possum was in season, and if she could get some up from the South in time for Saturday's opening. Anyhow, there will be plenty of sweet potatoes there, also butter and eggs and all the ordinary things at bottom rock prices. At the suffrage market in 53d street butter was selling yesterday at 35 cents a pound and fancy eggs at 39 cents. Guaranteed cold storage eggs were 25 cents, and they hadn't taken out the white ones to sell for fancy leghorns, as they do at delicatessen stores.

Dr. Peters was there. The sign outside calls him the "demonstrator," under the auspices of the Interboro Suffrage Club, but he didn't appear to be demonstrating anything yesterday except a good deal of impatience because the express man hadn't brought the apples. At Mrs. Julian Heath's Housewives' League market under the Queensboro Bridge apples were being sold that identical minute for five cents a quart, and it was quite maddening to Dr. Peters to know that the apples he had expected to be selling were at that minute wandering about New York goodness only knew where.

Mrs. Flower-ton is going to be in at the opening of another market, too, on Saturday. It will be somewhere around Sixth avenue and 31st street, but Dr. Peters doesn't want to say exactly where. Mrs. Flower-ton says her little daughter, Constance, was the one who started her in this market work. Mrs. Flower-ton can't say for sure, but she says that when she was a girl, her father, Dr. Peters, was a doctor, and it was quite maddening to Dr. Peters to know that the apples he had expected to be selling were at that minute wandering about New York goodness only knew where.

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